

SOUND OF AIR

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jim leftwich

sound of air

mask of newts  
nude bowling balls  
mask of masks  
akimbo and kinetic  
nude brooding newts  
nude feet

the leavened eye  
i left, even in youth  
but not so much  
as being leaves  
battered, buttoned,  
knotted, but  
not in youth

summetime  
and the soma  
is eternal  
i deny  
nighttime  
in the i defy  
the i descry  
summertime  
and the  
diurnal i

the supernal  
infernial the  
feral flaming  
terminal the  
toenail and  
the name

i habitually i  
boring harmful

harmfully full  
and fully

MUSE MUSIC MISUSED TO MUSTER (it used to be this way)

you as a word might think  
or better than that  
why bother if the word is being

wiseman, fetor, oral wound  
the least of your hedonist graves  
gracefully thematic  
kirilian topnotch, notary kilt

the avenger may assuage the message,  
but pain again is grain, agrarian pain

the fear of the opening is the envelope of opinion  
and and bland, grandiose and a stand

and as if or the, the words  
stand out as openings upwards  
into doubt

upon the openings, a door,  
a flowering floor,  
abhor as a moral

and as if as hedonist dusts  
does histrionic, a  
history dance

openings upper  
and upon her

## A Seldom Sponsored

a taste of mythic lies or files  
four seasons and a homing bone  
unread theme of the wound or grave

tame miracle rife with form  
time is a seasonal loneliness  
to read would only grieve the blood

life is too long to peak  
at beneficent fitness  
an endless wrangling of dopes  
spatial bets woven to surge  
and lack the stranglehold of  
form as form maintains

life is too linear to benefit  
from the forms of speech  
a rend of hope unravelled  
in place between insurgents  
a lack of form untold and longing  
a montane twain and once again

losing the gap is a hardship sings  
minor loves and rarely verse  
whole roses in a rearview mist  
the translation of elation in transition

laughter hardens to the lengths of song  
in love with the minor mirrors of love  
whole pointed rose interview albatross  
slaked stations in transit and transient

## Falling Beautiful

ailing ash or leaping failures,  
blind spark of the thighs

failure is asleep, appalled,  
blinded by sparkling eyes

the body returns to the burnished  
body, burning unread and bountiful

brood and yearns, unfurnished burns,  
as read, a bounded, full

### Dream Forgotten

realms sidereal and doubt —  
what meaning if not too much?

wake me on the right side  
of heat, form snuggled

against a what, fleets of  
memorial wind,

as if all is fallen, a gift of float  
and blossoms

### Once Keys

eaten by keynote dwarfs,  
the motes of dwarfs

mumbled and pedestal calves,

intricate posse bile

i live in the heavenly strudel  
of infinite piano instruction

by the body, by and by,  
by the bible, babbled and bobbled

back to the wayside  
churn and hums

she was most of a strident mileage  
her backbone was a fallow tympanum

i was american by buoyancy,  
meager and tooth to kelp

her miniature bitterns  
formed a redolent meme

the history of socks,  
a roll-top, knotted fiend

they were among the halcyon piano texts i took the ninth amendment to a  
corner or my heart. tibetan toothpicks, forensic physical danger,  
pianissimo (his abode lacked the caliber of a piano). i spent coverage of  
his eagle at the outside. smashed, rehashed or hymns, no fault of the  
tincture splints.

they entice us to whales, the yelp of will.  
your fiendish earnest, your howl mulched  
by sickness, theory. no eclectic, enjambed  
maiden will skateboard your vertebrae to  
happenstance. an astringency eats  
the attack of once.

Clearing Years

i'm horny as an as  
pickled  
ridden  
gymnosophist  
retired and ontic  
meat dead and linear  
boisterous socket  
i ching watch and basilisk  
panting  
thieving  
youthful wind cameo and blown

i washed in the top hat  
smoke  
fire  
pussy  
courage and escutcheon  
filthy  
mingled  
acrostic  
barely sassafras  
sardonic  
perforated  
in a sewer of yearly letters  
witch ying yang and asterisk meat  
informal blubber  
out of place and stammer  
comatose before the yearn and reading

concentration  
garbled shopping

barfly or formal labial freedom  
ceremony of mimetic orifices  
wholesome fiendish  
deaf beans filthy  
and ears

## Send Plants

spent poems to utter a nude tangerine?  
wish list, spittle and game.  
your rent, your anthropology, your apartment...

hissing  
gardenias  
grandmaster flash  
spasm  
prism buds  
wishbone  
sexual bifurcations  
partial modems  
hospital spirituality  
revolving lotions  
raw tribunals  
socks, soil  
duplicates, calculation  
hope, no hope  
gates, regenerative slants

## I, Idea

i wanted reality, two realities  
something white, unwritten  
forms of felt, crippled rifts  
red port is a portal, warm  
onions, yogurt, nominal  
youth, dispassionate and  
innate, giant ferns against  
the gnats

give me persimmons,

a mission statement, permission  
slips, the mythic set of works  
which excludes muscle

composure is a posture,  
bitten tenor, pterodactyl, bittern,  
reputed composition, attack  
and miff

oral red tape fallen upon  
beaten myth, poems the width  
of your wish, accent and ascent

mend soul food (UFOs,  
samadhi), tooth

theoretical UFOs  
kinda fonda wanda  
transatlantic, comatose  
tee, green, green tea  
space-age meaning, greed  
conjecture, opinion,  
stand point  
sanity, the cisco kid  
frankly jazz, a festive  
valium  
socially totalized  
from lynchburg to  
newport, a rich gangrene  
the nudity of the one,  
the nematode  
agrarian depopulation,  
impertinent immanence  
(succulent, wheat, and ideal)

i understand

eye of the hunter, indifferent. meaning,  
too much meaning, towards a younger  
agnosia. hurtling, but oracular, lingers,  
almost felt. gift if better than felt or slips.  
felt too much freedom and responsibility  
in the preponderance of a mote. not a  
bean. the width of ice, the salience limp  
sense. will of the eye, utterance and stand.

if need

the given i, forgiven into a you.  
the form of anyone is only one  
thing. if i could coil in salve or  
fever, if i could whittle the note  
to a night sky i, i would never  
forget the given against unless.  
whatever you eat is feed.

from dead

slough the slough.  
read is already a threaded naught.  
so what if your plaited once  
becoming becomes one more  
sadly once upon a time?  
the allergy to the other,  
the afterimage of the often.  
boughs and sadly howl,  
golden knolls and yodel,  
you are not the knotted  
allegedly unread.

asking around

i note, not an actual  
note, what would i  
do without the the?

sky is to i as wreath  
is to bounded breathing.  
strangle me with the  
dance of your ears.

i justice steeple, but  
wounded letters, or  
thematic breaths,

at least a lease of forms,  
longing for the as, as if  
a wounded ground.

taboos space

bootstrap inhibitions: pith and gore,  
doubtless sleep. beside myself  
with livid singing, brooding shifted  
wash. sift, or doubtful breath, death  
acclimated to alleged and gnosis,  
reflected androgyne in a trial  
of cause.

wind lemon harmonica, fist apparition,  
thy consommé if fully ritual, reserve the  
previous for my heated ears. blood breeds

a brooding abalone trombone. (the ash of  
the aster is a brooding star, hadal tooth  
conservation, the harmonic wisdom of the  
cross. cook the crooked gift in a crock of  
sundance.)

broth mentation. woven dangles. fraught  
with a sense of moves.

the aberration elaborates spent weather.

this is a fact: stand in its swimming harmonics:  
forsaken placates,  
dovetails to a thorough grace.

only unquestioning

at home in love, coven and meat hinge  
slippage elsewhere, tracts, disgruntled  
will, spillage mishandled by wilderness  
and children, form splayed raisins or  
masks of sand — what makes him sing  
the unheard ampersand? the forms of  
the law are cylindrical, they linger in a  
dermal shrapnel. inspect the hand; it's  
a cone of love, conical history and with-  
stand, quest and stone and unction singing.

only silver

bone alabaster love, unleashed ravish  
laminate thighs, practice of dice and

plantain, jiggle or wiggle the doppler  
weather, stray lunge urge to plinth.  
what conjures the unfelt moon, the  
soul of the fork, the feverish leather?  
the story restored to its meaningful  
liver.

love mean

above the praxis, a congeries of juries.  
the infernal connective will tarry at a  
nexus of face and drum. beyond the  
harm of a violent love, welcoming  
committee and toothsome coma, the  
lavish bedroom totem, the civilized  
notation in renown, meaning manipulates  
a ward of serial beliefs: malignant vice, —  
nothing means anything better than nothing.

engaged lot

gagged, entoptic love,  
we speak only on the  
condition of your silence.  
sparks trickle down in  
the dice. within history,  
the oral facts pith and  
hiss and pirouette; they  
fling the fire to a rain of  
singing calls. thus proving  
the improvisations of the  
letters.

love frame

above the ground, cilia and clowns  
obstruct the mentation of our ears.  
a gourmet of pears, pairs unless  
freedom times, starched and retched  
once upon, the orchid of plausible  
doubt, or lies. narrative involves  
the love dissuade, the love straw  
bridge at dawn. note the abridged  
month of the lunatic, the spillage  
low and mourning, upon the wind-  
row, framed in fire and windows.

petroglyph star

glyph and petrified, can-opener,  
the volume of socks, a jagged  
fire, forlorn appointed scar,

amass the leather ears in bird dress  
talcum loneliness, tired of wearing  
adorned and tar,

what irises within the scum, what  
musk of venal being, umbilical  
eventual or far,

warsaw plastic plight, beast of  
albumin, queued in a circle of  
probable juniper,

fortunate and afar.

we scar

we rest in our budgets, flat leather boats,  
hours loomed and spoof, the often hooked,  
the reign of reason a one-legged melody.  
i could feel the whole pillage weakened  
by unplayed sunbeams. instead of our  
restive stamens, warmed hours emitted  
in miosis, stems bled truculent and rant,  
your foreground a by-gone, the open by-  
product, elemental words, madly love, a  
dash into a scar.

double spinners

dangling generous,  
a difficult confute,  
video and providence,  
hucksters, spinsters, dance

tender there

splinters tinkling sings—  
only the phoneme plays

against the vocable, in  
the wintry hour of the  
poem, at lunch, honey  
and mostly love.

lark pheromone or galley, tattered risk theoretically easy, lines flourish in  
the nude, the sands and turds of thou. it seems crucifixional to long for  
the ampersand.

a bloated love glowering our  
scalps, youth threaded through  
the chalice of the grave, an  
unread terror dancing in your  
hand: if the sign of the ligature  
is a printed congeries, the  
gratuitous is an oblate  
flowering of the self.

at a glance, aslant, amid the humor and amour, the ashen book cowers,  
paginated to a grief. what can we say? don't misuse the youth of the  
hours; don't rhyme your rifts with love.

lost for a minute, or stopping  
to sing, the word getting fat  
as a christian frontier, ghost  
and ash and ashen fiat,  
the steeples of the given & hear.

the mystery whirl

school of swirls, erotic and in motion, rain erratic as vibraphone striated  
rhythms. lactose intuitions shift the fattened dogs, a swipe against the  
reverb, a clan of vitriol, disembodied and beveled to the cross. crass  
elation, as if oceanic fiat, solves the dissolution problematic. that's where  
our euclidean vacation comes in, corroded by ghost insurrection, haven  
and procedural gnosis or kitchen, fed to the supper of regress. what is a  
leaning form if not the prism of fortunate loneliness? why is at least as

intelligent as as. i am abandoned by soil to mystery.

monday is

a fool in the morning, anal and damned  
by the lessened night, the broad font of  
the page orally smiling, east of massachusetts,  
as if a portal opening upon the overt seas.  
i have ferreted my rest in a muddle of  
november fiddles, wherein forsaken  
by the children of therein, and i am  
free to turn, turning wheat into a midden,  
free to exist as the freely is.

a tuesday of

an aspect of the concentrate is the abject object. it, as it, penetrates the  
once, a form or frames, or framed. towering over the moral returns, over  
the without, but without turning, the lever returns to an opening of your  
eyes. i've learned over the years to still be in a telling. you can't tell  
whether you're in a spell or a spelling. back at the quonset hut, fire gets  
up on the watery glass to dance. we'll return to this dance, in the light of a  
grain. i want you to find something here, one thing. until you've thinned  
your lies down to a theory of justice, you'll open yourself to the written  
soma, the ontic, the otic, a theory of the open. do you think love is  
sleepier than your brittle morality? if you stop and think, along the steps of  
the night, you'll come to the harm, swaddled in stillness, you'll be lying on  
the lack of your back. but let's get back to the dance. every bet is the  
forward to a bedridden book. not the grave dismembered by the glance of  
a thing, but the knot of the dance in butter, unuttered remembrance, the  
threshed knot cusp of love.

sound of air

pounded against the weight of the hand,  
the foreskin of the lawn,  
the lightning dew spilling before  
our local arrogance, i am as sidereal  
as the next limestone strangler,  
but a lateral fleck and pestilence, a moon  
swung oar and mumbling liver,  
o slivers of the wind,  
the weight of the lyric puns our lightning,  
the gasp of the sleight is fairly love.

feelings forget

forthcoming morals are sloppy fact, thought backed into a knoll, alleged  
mentation: what wouldn't i have given to have spent the dock of a book?  
my shoulders are molded by the allowances of law. you're a fucking saint,  
and you can't hear me say a thing. hymns or love or meat or weather,  
whether or not we utter the butterfly lies, lisps upon our lips and sips,  
twelve steps towards the novel until. the end of the wind is the history of  
spring. the seams of justice are the happenstance of dreams, our latent  
decoy is a translated dust. must we melt in the swollen rust? our language  
is the art of an eventual other. the apostasy of the event, hands-on and  
learning, as if our options include regret.

eve

eye wood enallage angled aggregate,  
meaning hemmed path, wind grown  
ear and earlier to diction, foam tone  
poem to hymn, swings meat within  
your wind, grown against the grain,  
eye's task, a spotted lack as rack of  
sight. glistening tones hovers glisten,  
immobile whole who severed martyrs,  
sprouts atop the empirical statement,  
budding land and glowers whole,  
whole severe and fever dishabille.  
inanimate masked intimate, coiled  
timorous and fake, malaprop gnarled  
nubile through the mail, wholly poet  
grown idol in the body, partly things  
and ingrown singing, grown in the  
wind, unleavened, thinly letters.

this mercy

hiss is doubt contrary to inter,  
an inner ice and goad to hearing,  
ying over yang over riven youth,  
conical and split brittle drum.  
crosshatched chrism, enter here,  
emplaced cubic libretto, the  
logarithmic form of nothing,  
formed brittle and splint of  
drums in spite of mind,  
repercussive spirit of knotted  
space, hips anywhere but here,  
read in the room as night and  
dance, swing low for no one,  
awakened form. no one dances  
in the grave of meat, green as  
a toad and pink with sleight:  
lust is the business of an unsung

doubt. the stars stare fallen to  
speak and ears, who know  
the throw of our curving dice.

energetic sympathy

empirical though half-heartedly magnetic, metal or time in the shallow life,  
concupiscent remands the form of a serial and skyless truth to matriculate  
in domed cubes, granular and lost to song. the rhythm of the oars, the  
signs of the scars massaged to fleece, no rhyme of metallic and  
cornucopia, the demands of an articulate loss. no rhythms to spit at a  
cubit of nothing, no snickers in the quake, no wings unhinged by otic  
fleece. strangers are read as the talk of knots, beads eaten into their  
unread heads. meanings beaten into their readings. there is a here as if an  
is, quick forms of a deaf enormity. singing the doubt is a myth of  
symphony. it is as if, as such as sadly is.

lyric poetry

remember as dice,  
i bring you a griddle  
fuck about the dark.

unruly forms of bitter writing

1. verbiage hasp, toenail greed within their subjective objects.

2. propositions are situations, knotted words, toboggan, sentential and width.
3. dance the startled donut: sentenced to cunnilingus.
4. i've been wronged by the is. never spit your infinite answers.
5. the void is a clutch of plague and likeness (the old fart at play).
6. lasso the sway of the void, annoyed by literate intention.
7. be more than your least specific.
8. theoretical parents are the marks of a woven flower. the unusual hair is necessary.
9. toothsome laptop, fever and fever, it is useless to repeat your redolent dances.
10. no fragrant sentience, no mentation.
11. contradictions are serial, the shoulders of the rules.
12. forget the words and the phrases knot appropriately.
13. redolent donut, useless morality, koans or words, thinly abscess and quandary; isthmus flight and fluid superman.
14. one shoulders the feverish genre.
15. compared to what are as bad as cliques.
16. bent noose, negated by relative rubies.
17. the cashew imperative is a breviary; examine the variations.
18. once upon a word, sentenced to the ultimate.
19. analogous writing insists upon the weathers that are at stake.
20. the missive is a guarded invoice.

21. feminine cameras, hats, hair, epistolary notes. theoretical parents toward the woven howls. shoulder beams, entropy and closure, commentary.

22. fever is as useless as a wig. a wind, a word, a miniature diminishment... once upon a wooden surplus...

23. swill, the fallen excalibur, a pointillist lamentation.

24. useless words correct the lie. less than guarded of love and howl, my useless brother's hymn.

25. under the statement is a path to Absolut Vodka. the play of the beast, the putter and the froth, ear health, the ideal shaman king.

26. the useless strophe apostle, given its pope and percolates, vomits a knotty and bleeding wind.

27. exterminate the quotidian. as a self wallowing in the emetic, i state with quotidian sadness the tale of meat: what the fuck do you know?

28. a gift of louvered ears, once upon a louvered ear, the howl of sand rhymes with its desist. in the bowels of the hyperion, not only winter but a can of mileage, the useless corrects the lies.

29. puns are a cauldron of formal, knotted with the deaths of a reading groan.

30. grown around the barnstorm, your highness, no one avoids the colloquy of imperialism.

31. every gift is an uneven Nixon. if the metaphor sings, the railroad shudders.

32. wholesome needs, the rhetoric of the quest.

33. an egg's inflation is the bile of rhyme. it's no worse than any other statement.

we sleep the i

we shift in a whole, toggle dance dour and wreath, fraught armed implants  
sour and sleep. dismembered i, toggled to seismic root, ahead and  
cuddled myth to eat. paleolithic, though rubies in the rice, wind gruel slick  
with dance, i spent my summers fattened by an as. song buffered the  
diffident i, sing arroyo and suckled flash, starched flesh freshly wafer, the  
form of a creosote hiss. the middle of your foreskin is an errant nose. soap  
lies in the folded i, a manly spume to youth, spanked by fuck to dance and  
thigh, the pinochet kelp hollow as cradled doubt. i'm worried about the  
starkly worry. filaments sour with head, the width of your worried legs. i'm  
washed by a real and sleep.

light folding

in spite of the ostrich, love  
is a hips. asp smelt bedside  
meatus, you rush into me  
like a swim. eaten begets  
the liquor of hissing ears.

why lion, the sandwich read?  
tool and drooling gapes. the  
fable is damp with marrow.

molten spots beholden to which.

your door

flour mirrors the furry colon: surf and spall, visors gown to stream, portal bathed in colonnade. kneel open to whittle and wattle shell, beacon meow transhumant, transcendent, incendiary recently ash, proactive misers estranged by vagrant extravaganza. muster punish for allure of failures, scrapbook cannibal worded to your puddle, kneecap opinions to spittle and waffle, the pall of turf and partial wrath. leaps spoken in riven theme, viziers to surplus, graves unwound to basilisk, rapid instantiation in paupered song. timid task to doubtful theme, rubble as clay and doubtful cats, the book of cannabis pitiful and need, the coup d'état and plankton. upon your hearing suds, sprawls a boar like the nervous iceberg, remember the blackjack bomb and riddle pirate. despair is a form of postage, buttered along the flanks, tidal and verbal, shines the indifferent, infinite night. a carnival of punitive onions, basking in raptors diminished to lisp, the currency of your lull and lapse, like a handstand in a moat. you're not going over the edge, your eyes are shuttered wings. i've opened the dove, earring and studs, a member of the lack.

## night air

the sleight of the i, shame grows sidereal fleck, literacy, the polysemic, as if his story is the ming dynasty. the antennae dance a mandible wash, dalliance both werewolf and visitor, fortunately inclement, bitten by exclamation and thinking in folds. overtly and unsaid signs, blind to the mirrored hunger of the verbs, wherein feeds carnival avarice, the play of herbs on the voice of another beach. after the fortified variance, we were mumbling flecks of blackened error, crazy as a leaf, love singing. i rant against the ground, buffered to scallops, to mollusk, once upon a thankless brood, feted by suits and cider, the brief flown gaff of a witless fuse. a covert wine and lunge, convivial to a vice, wolf and cement, unbidden clams, starched golf against the cross, what bible allied to splash, clamp submit to clutch and wear, their wrist bled testimony. variance and thighs, my harrowed wedding against the night, brides both less and fair.

one torn

one shook at the float,  
one weeps, one leather  
shish kabob. what  
blood, half of the  
spleen, this dawn of  
bearings? i could  
have been a coven,  
wheat and graven  
green. my ears are  
mindless, a spineless  
lunch. the surface of  
the tooth is a tabular  
latch. i'm sitting on the  
open floor. how long,  
how how  
long? long?  
the interpretation is male,  
but adorned with stars  
apart. the i ching is a  
werewolf heresy tome.  
its rubric is unborn.

carmen

i am so pitiful  
that i'll fins  
doubt foaming  
mother

justice howls  
the isthmus  
i'm dingbat  
sand

i am the size  
of my will  
i exist in the  
smile of a word

transduced from the Semilian

form imagined

foam  
i've sold  
myself

to the  
also ran  
mumbled

by the form  
of love  
the guest

the guess  
imaginal  
again

the else

the wind downwards was a dare,  
moral soup and more untowards,  
vague abject in a forest and a road.

the objects are a lease rose interface,  
heretofore and here, blue as their veil:  
nothing is something elsewhere.

refuse black

the popularity of refuse is too much for me.  
i want to qualify the city, withstand its forms.  
the snore of the forest is flat with chattel.

a sidereal doubt whirls the hinge.

the stillness of the read,  
the by-line lack,  
blackened by slack and bring the lingers...

together among

tethered to the moon, semantic, sentential,  
the articulate fibers rupture to their nemesis.

the missive of the night bemoans a slight  
montane. since reminders of the dance  
are love, our livers are not a song.

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